

THE

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## THE CHILDHOOD OF THE GREAT MOZART.

WHILE the annals of music furnish no name that rivals MOZART in brilliancy and fertility of genius, so the annals of genius itself may safely be challenged to produce a parallel to him for early development and rapid progress. Nor can we find a good reason for the apparent indifference with which the talent of the musical composer is regarded by the mass of mankind. The poet's name is in the lips of the world, and the hands of youth and age are willing to weave laurels for his brow, or to sprinkle flowers on his tomb. So the historian or the philosopher wins, what he cares little for, the applause of his fellow-men, and his name goes down to posterity and is held in lasting remembrance. But it may fairly be claimed for the master of music, that he is as truly a benefactor of his race as any of those sons of genius we have named, and that he confers pleasure on more of his species than they. Perhaps it may not be true of those composers whose productions are seldom or never brought within the hearing of the million; but who can deny that the joy of music pervades more hearts than any other intellectual pleasure in which a beneficent Providence has formed us to participate? In this pleasure, too, is blended the harmony of poetry, so that the tastes which are gratified by the poet's art, are ministered unto by the musician, and hence the exquisite delight we feel when the melody of verse and music fall together on the ear.

The early minstrels were poets. The early poets were minstrels. Whether music made them poets, or poets made them minstrels, it is not for one at this day to determine. A modern poet has taught us the way in which his hero learned the art, when he heard the voice of a favorite lyre:

"Instinctive genius caught th' ethereal fire,  
And soon, with sweetly modulating skill,  
He learned to wind the passions at his will;  
To rule the chords with such mysterious art,  
They seemed the life-strings of the hearer's heart."

Mozart's father was an eminent musician, and the first sounds that woke the infant's soul were the tones of the violin in the hands of the master. He slept and woke to music, and perhaps it may be ascribed to this fact, that he himself was a composer of music at an age scarcely to be credited.

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, was born on the 27th of January, 1756, at Salzburg, Germany. Of the four Christian names (of which the father had more than of anything else to give his son), he was called by the least euphonious to our English ears, and it is next to horrifying to hear of *Wolfgang* Mozart as a prince in the world of song. He had a sister three or four years older than he, and the rest of the children, five in number, died in their infancy.

"The wonderful musical genius of his family came to light almost accidentally. When the girl had reached seven years of age she became her father's pupil on the clavier, at which her progress was great and uniform, and finally made her mistress of the highest reputation that any female performer had ever acquired on a keyed instrument. Her brother, at this time three years old, was a constant attendant on her lessons, and already showed, by his fondness for striking thirds, and pleasing his ear by the discovery of other harmonious intervals, a lively interest in music. At four, he could always retain in memory the brilliant solos in the concertos which he heard; and now his father began, half in sport, to give him lessons. The musical faculty appears to have been intuitive in him, for in learning to play he learned to compose at the same time, his own nature discovering to him some important secrets in melody, rhythm, symmetry, and the art of setting a bass. To learn a minuet, he required half an hour; for a longer

piece, an hour; and, having once mastered them, he played them with perfect neatness and in exact time. His progress was so great, that *at four years of age, or earlier*, he composed little pieces which his father wrote down for him.

"In teaching his children, Leopold Mozart at first employed manuscript lessons written by himself in a book appropriated to that purpose; composition or the transcribing of music was perpetually going forward in his house; and thus the little boy, with the love of imitation natural at his age, was led to make his first essays in holding the pen—those of a composer. The book in which the father wrote the infantine productions of his boy was preserved by the sister as a precious relic to the end of her life; and though it would be gratifying to see his *first* composition as the source of a mighty stream of genius, some uncertainty exists as to its precise identity. However, the specimen here given was undoubtedly composed in his fourth year.



Life and spirit were soon apparent as characteristics of the boy. He entered with all his soul into anything which he undertook, and forgot his meals that he might enjoy a game if at play, or a self-imposed task if at work. Very early he began to work and play to the sound of music. The tenderest sensibility was displayed in childhood, and he would many times in the day ask those about him if they loved him, and if they playfully told him "no," his eyes would be filled with tears. His desire for knowledge, and the wonderful rapidity with which he acquired it, excited surprise in the hearts of his friends, and they looked upon him as destined to lofty eminence.

"One day, as Leopold Mozart, accompanied by a friend, had just returned home from church, he found Wolfgang very busy with pen and ink. 'What are you doing there?' said the father. 'Writing a concerto for the clavier,' replied the boy; 'the first part is just finished.' 'It must be something very fine, I dare say; let us look at it.' 'No, no,' said Wolfgang, 'it is not ready yet.' The father, however, took up the paper, and he and his friend began at first to laugh heartily over this gallimatias of notes, which was so blotted as to be scarcely legible; for the little composer had continually thrust his pen to the bottom of the inkstand, and as often wiped away with the palm of his hand the blot thus brought up, intent solely upon committing his thoughts to writing. But as the father examined the composition more attentively, his gaze became riveted to the page, and tears of joy and wonder began to roll down his cheeks, for there were ideas in this music far beyond the years of his son. 'See,' said he, smiling, to his friend, 'how regularly and correctly written it is; though no use can be made of it, for it is so immensely difficult, nobody could play it.' 'It is a concerto,' returned little Wolfgang, 'and must be practised before it can be performed. It ought to go in this way.' He then began to play it, but was unable to accomplish more than give a notion of his design. The concerto was written with a full score of accompaniments, and even *trumpets and drums*."

At the age of six we have found him composing music without the aid of an instrument, and from this point his progress was rapid and beyond the belief of those who read it. We have never been more sorely tried in the matter of faith than in reading the feats of compo-

sition and of performance, too, of this remarkable boy.

When only six years old, Wolfgang performed a concerto in the presence of the Elector, and excited lively admiration in the brilliant circle to which he was introduced. "Before he had received any regular lessons, his father was one day visited by an eminent violinist, named Wenzl, for the purpose of trying some new pieces of his composition. A trumpeter by the name of Schachtner, who tenderly loved the little musician, has related the following anecdote of the performance:—"The father," he says, "took the bass part on the viola, Wenzl played the first violin, I the second. Little Wolfgang entreated that he might play the second violin; his father, however, would not hear of it, for as he had had no instruction, it was impossible that he could do anything to the purpose. The child replied, that to play a second violin part it was not necessary to have been taught; but the father, somewhat impatiently, bid him go away and not disturb us. At this he began to cry bitterly, and carried his little fiddle away, but I begged that he might come back and play with me. The father at last consented. 'Well, then, you may play with Herr Schachtner, but remember, so softly that nobody can hear you, or I must immediately send you away.' We played, and the little Mozart with me, but I soon remarked, to my astonishment, that I was completely superfluous. I silently laid my violin aside and looked at the father, who could not suppress his tears. Wolfgang played the whole of the six trios through with precision and neatness; and our applause at the end so emboldened him, that he fancied he could play the first violin. For amusement, we encouraged him to try, and laughed heartily at his manner of getting over the difficulties of this part, with incorrect and ludicrous fingering indeed, but still in such a manner that he never stuck fast." In 1762, the family went to Vienna. At Passau they were detained five days by the Bishop of Senz, who was fascinated by the performances of the little Mozarts, the brother and sister. At another place on the journey, the boy "astonished a body of Franciscan fathers," who were actually tempted to quit a dinner table at which they were entertaining some guests, and to repair to the choir, to hear Wolfgang "rattling about on the organ."

The warmth and simplicity of the child on coming for the first time into the presence of

royalty are beautiful revelations of his ardent spirit. He sprang into the lap of the Empress, took her round the neck and kissed her heartily. In the new circle into which he was thus suddenly and early brought, he was in danger of being quickly spoiled, and we may be at a loss to know whether the more to admire the fact that he should be able to command such universal admiration, or that real greatness of genius should preserve him from being injured by its excess. There is something in this that marks the truly great. They are generally modest. Conscious, perhaps, of their own power, but perceiving also heights to which they have not attained and which are invisible to other eyes, they feel indifferent to human praise, while there are loftier and vaster acquisitions which they would make before they deserve applause.

His biographer says, "that the wonder his talents created, and the applause he received, had no ill effects; he remained a simple and affectionate child, free from vanity, dutiful to his parents, who governed him rather by looks than words; and so obedient and obliging was he, that however tired, he would return to the instrument whenever his father desired. Before he went to rest at night, he always stood up in a chair by the side of his father, and together they sang a song which he had composed.

"Between the singing, and after it, he would kiss the father on the tip of his nose, and having thus expressed his childish affection, go quietly and contentedly to bed. This custom was observed till he had passed his ninth year. For his father and instructor, who appeared in every point of view in a light that commanded respect, he cherished sentiments of veneration; and one of his most ordinary sayings was, "God first, and then papa." It was an odd fancy of his at this time, that when his father became old, he would have him preserved in a glass case, the better to contemplate and admire him.

"The children having made great progress in music, the family, including the mother, set out on a new expedition on the 9th of June, 1763. Wolfgang was now in his eighth year, and during this journey, he played the clavier, the organ, and the violin; he sang, played, and composed extempore, played and transposed at sight, accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and was able, in fact, to answer every challenge. I thus group his performances, in order to enable the reader to

form an immediate estimate of the versatility of his powers."

In this same year we hear of this musical family in the midst of the gaieties of the French court; the boy was playing before the royal family at Versailles, and astonished the distinguished auditors by his performances on the organ. Here Wolfgang, now seven years old, published his first works, and dedicated them to members of the royal family. But the licentiousness of the court and of the society in general to which they were introduced, was alarming to the father, who had sense and religion enough to wish that his children might be preserved from corruption. After a brilliant sojourn at Paris, they went to London in 1764, and immediately were delighting the ears of royalty with their wonderful powers.

Especially were the connoisseurs in music astonished to see and hear this child performing music which he had never seen before, and the most difficult pieces, without the least study or hesitation. At this time it was admitted that the daughter, a girl of twelve, was the first female performer in Europe, and the son of eight, was the greatest prodigy in the world. Yet he was but a boy. "Childish things" were still as much a part of his life and being as the music that woke such wonder in those who heard him. "While playing to me," says the Hon. Mr. Barrington, "a favorite cat came in, on which he left his harpsichord, nor could we bring him back for a considerable time. He would also run about the room with a stick between his legs by way of a horse."

But in spite of these displays of childishness, which are admirable and delightful, it is a fact that Mr. Barrington suspected that he had been imposed on as to the age of the boy, and actually refused to be satisfied about it till he obtained, through the Bavarian Envoy, a certificate of his birth. Barrington made him the subject of a long paper in the "Philosophical Transactions," and confesses that he had tried to puzzle the boy, but found it beyond his power.

Leaving London, the family went to Holland, and thence making brief visits at various places, they returned home—happier here than elsewhere; finding in the cultivation of their own affections, and the delights of the domestic circle, more pleasure than in the splendid career they had pursued. The attachment of the brother and sister was deep and pure: both of them were gifted with the finest sensibilities,



and their hearts so alive to the keenest and sweetest sources of enjoyment, were blended like the mingling of souls. They lived to love one another and be happy. We would prefer to stay with them and enjoy the pleasures of this domestic circle; and feel the power there is in music to heighten and brighten the charms of home. The scene which is thus and there revealed, would inspire us with warm desires to cultivate the powers of song in our children—but there is in this matter enough to be made the subject of a separate discussion, to which we may invite the reader's attention at another time.

The father of this wonderful child contemplated his progress with feelings of awe, approaching to veneration. A faithful adherent of the Roman Catholic church, and partaking more or less of the superstitious feelings that mark the members of that communion, he had perhaps some suspicion that the boy was *inspired*. But while he was thus admired and loved at home and abroad, we perceive that neither his youth nor his modesty could shield him from the evil designs of the envious and jealous. His rising reputation alarmed the musicians of Vienna, and united them against him as a common enemy. This combination against a boy, now only twelve years old, is the highest testimony to his genius and skill, and in this view it may be said to be worth all that it costs. These *distinguished* composers, fearing that their craft was in danger, and that a boy was to tear away the laurels they had spent years in toiling to obtain, laid snares to catch him in pieces that should be beyond his power to perform. But he was more than a match for them all. They even got up a story that he was privately taught to play the things that he pretended to extemporize, and that the idea of his composing was perfectly ridiculous. The father says:

"I laid a trap for one of this sort of people. I had persuaded some one quietly to give us intelligence when he would be present, and our friend was to bring this person an extraordinary difficult concerto, which could be placed before Wolfgang. We came together, and he had the opportunity of hearing his concerto played by Wolfgang as if he knew it by heart. The astonishment of this composer and clavier player, and the expressions of admiration he used, confirmed all that I have stated above. He ended by saying, 'I can say no less of an honest man, than that *this boy is the greatest*

*man in the world*; it could not have been believed.'"

But the highest proof of this boy's genius was exhibited in the production of an opera at this period of his life, the performance of which was delayed month after month, and finally defeated by the contrivances to which his enemies resorted. The history of this affair is painful, so deeply is our sympathy excited for the sensitive boy and the afflicted father, who feels the persecutions to which his child was subjected, more keenly than if they had been aimed at himself. These annoyances resulted in the abandonment of the performance, and the child turned his attention to other walks of composition, in which his success was triumphant.

In December, 1769, the father and son went for the first time to Italy. Wolfgang was delighted with the universal taste for music which he found on the way. They were fêted and feasted continually. At Verona "we went," says the father, "to the organ of the principal church, and though only six or eight persons knew our intention, we found the whole city in the church, and some stout fellows were obliged to precede us to clear the way to the choir, and we had then to wait more than half a quarter of an hour to reach the organ, as every one was anxious to be the next."

On another occasion of this kind, at a monastery, the crowd was so great that the monks were obliged to conduct them to the organ by a private passage.

Arriving at Rome in the Holy Week, they hurried to the Sistine Chapel to hear the "Miserere" at matins, and approached the Pope, who was waiting on the poor at table, so nearly as to be quite close to him.

It is not generally known that at this time, musicians were forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to take the notes of the "Miserere" away, or to copy any part of it, so great was the desire of the Church to confine it to this chapel. The idea of an artist hearing and writing it out afterwards, probably never occurred to their Holinesses.

"The difficulty of putting down in notes the music performed by a double choir, abounding in imitation and traditional effects, of which one of the chief is characterized by the absence of a perceptible rhythm, is scarcely conceivable. Hence the wonder at the unexampled *feat* of the 'Miserere' of Allegri. Mozart accomplished his task in two visits to the Sistine

Chapel. He drew out a sketch on the first hearing, and attended the performance a second time on Good Friday, having his MS. in his hat for correction and completion. It was soon known at Rome that the 'Miserere' had been taken down, and he was obliged to produce what he had written at a large musical party, where the *Musico Christoferi*, who had sung in it, confirmed its correctness. The generous Italians were so much delighted, that they forgot to call upon the Pope to excommunicate the culprit."

It is needless to multiply words in attempting to describe the enthusiasm with which his performances were received. The nobility flocked to hear him, bore him in their arms and carriages; and at Naples, in the midst of a sonata which he was playing, there arose a disturbance in the audience from a notion that the brilliancy and rapidity of his left hand was owing to some MAGICAL properties in a ring he wore. On the cause being explained to him he laid aside the enchanted circle, but

the music was not found the less extraordinary.

He is now elected a member of the Philharmonic Society of Bologna, after having executed at sight a lesson which usually costs the candidates five election hours of study before they are prepared to perform it. And now having mentioned his elevation to the rank of Knight of the Golden Cross, we will leave him to pursue the splendid career which is before him. We have confined ourselves to the boyhood of Mozart, to present that portion of his life the least known to the world, and to bring to view one of the most remarkable instances of early development of genius which the history of our race will furnish. At a future time we may resume and finish the biography, but those who are impatient will find the "Life of Mozart by Edward Holmes," in one of the early volumes of Harper's New Miscellany, to which we have been indebted for the impulse to write, and the materials to construct this sketch.

## THE TOMB OF ALARIC.

THEY turned the waters from their course,  
 The river from its bed,  
 And laid amid the place of waves  
 The mighty monarch's head.  
 The robes of state and diadem  
 Girt that pale brow and form;  
 The sword that ruled the tide of war  
 And led its rising storm,  
 Lay on his breast. The hand that made  
 It terrible was cold;  
 Powerless was now that sinewy arm  
 Beneath the purple's fold.  
 The golden curls, in wavy light,  
 Lay on that pale, high brow;  
 The glance of th' eagle eye was dimmed.  
 Veiled were its splendors now.  
 But round the chiselled lips there played  
 A lofty smile, whose light  
 Seemed half to win back from the grave  
 The triumph of its might—  
 And warrior men with iron hearts  
 Bowed low beside his bier,  
 And sobs burst forth from mail-clad breasts,  
 And strong limbs shook with fear,  
 While wild cries burst from lips that ne'er  
 Blanched 'mid the battle strife.

How were the glory and the power  
Gone with that departed life!  
The stars shone bright on heaven's fair brow,  
And regal splendor shed,  
As, one by one, the valiant passed  
Beside their leader's bed.  
He lay upon his own bright shield,  
And gems were round him thrown,  
The ruby, and the ocean pearl,  
The diamond and the stone,  
Whose veined gold 'mid its azure shines  
As stars on heaven's calm breast.  
The treasured spoils of vanquished Rome  
Made bright his place of rest.  
And perfumes whose rich fragrance came,  
Sweet as the breath of heaven,  
Blent with the golden light their love  
To his low grave had given.  
\* \* \* With golden shields and glittering spears  
They raise the warrior's tomb,  
Ere the wild flood swept on its course,  
And whelmed it in its gloom.  
\* \* \* The bright sun rose—one fearful shout  
Rose from that countless throng—  
The barriers burst—the foaming waves  
Swept in their might along—  
And Alaric, the Warrior-King,  
Slept 'neath the rushing wave!  
His warrior-chieftains gloried that  
No stranger saw his grave.

J F. B.

"SAYING THE CATECHISM."

THE town of W——, in the old county of Hampshire, and good commonwealth of Massachusetts, exhibited, some forty years ago, several traits of the Puritanical character, one of which, more particularly, we would fain, by this article, fix and stereotype upon the memory of the present generation. The scene of our story lies partly upon the beautiful valley of the Connecticut, and partly upon the hills which form the eastern slope of the Green Mountain range, which extends from Canada to Long Island Sound. Few towns in the Bay State are equal to it in scenic effect. The calm, serpentine Connecticut, searching its way to the ocean, Mount Tom, Mount Holyoke, Amherst College, Williston Seminary, Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, several churches and smiling villages are distinctly visible from

its loftier points of observation. It is far retired from all the cities of our country, and the simple, primitive manners of the people were equally removed from the artificial habits of what is termed more polished life. The inhabitants were united, to a most unusual degree, both in politics and religion. At several gubernatorial elections, Caleb Strong had all the votes of the town, with but two or three exceptions. In ecclesiastical polity, the people were, almost to a man, Congregationalists; and in theology, they were as unitedly Calvinists. Excepting one family, all observed Saturday evening as a part of holy time, and with great conscientiousness and strictness. The pastor of the church, and the only man in town who claimed to exercise the functions of the clerical office, was the Rev. Mr. H——.

He was the first minister of the place. In his earlier days, his orthodoxy was not regarded as of the highest tone, but repeated revivals of religion, and a deeper personal, experimental acquaintance with Divine things, rendered his preaching, during the last half of his protracted ministry, more discriminating and evangelical. His habits were systematic and exact, to a proverb. Every family in the neighborhood could regulate its long kitchen clock by the precise punctuality with which he would arrive to preach an appointed lecture. On the Sabbath, every man who was earlier or later than he at public worship, doubted the correctness of his own chronometer. It must be wrong, for Mr. H—— was in the pulpit sooner or later than they were in the pews. He was, for many years, the clerical officer of the General Association of Ministers in the State. On one occasion, the meeting of that body was held seventy-five miles distant from his place of residence. Five minutes only were to elapse, before the hour for opening the meeting would come. Speculation was rife as to the probability of his being there in season to attend to the duties of his office. One clergyman who knew him better than the rest, remarked, that either the town-clock was wrong, or Mr. H—— would yet be there punctually at the appointed hour. Curiosity became intense; the interest was prodigious; but before the last minute expired, Father H—— drove up, and was in his place in the church.

Our readers have already been advertised of the great strictness with which his people observed the Sabbath. When Mr. H—— was settled among them, he was ordained in a barn. The first meeting-house was built shortly after, and though it exhibited many symptoms of decay, and though old Boreas often treated himself to the music of the clatter of its doors, and windows, and shingles, it was still standing within our own recollection. It was innocent of paint, and bell, and steeple, as well as of a sparse occupancy on the Sabbath. Rain or shine, snow or hail, lightning or thunder, the people were all there. The exercises were conducted with the greatest order and decorum. Father H—— carried his habits of system so far, that he used to read, and to request his clerical brethren, who occasionally preached for him, to read Watts' Psalms and Hymns *right straight through in course*, whatever might be their relevancy to the subject of the sermon. He always preached with his accu-

rate watch lying on the pulpit before him, and as he used to pray with his eyes wide open, he was careful to cut his sermons and prayers to the prescribed length, and if the moment for closing either arrived when he was in the middle of a sentence, the remaining part was sure to be despatched in short metre.

Bass viol, violin, clarionet and bugle, those modern refinements in the music of some country congregations, had not yet found their way to W——. The only instrumental accompaniment was the shrill pitchpipe, with which the leader gave the key note of the tune, and in a tone somewhat like the modern steam-whistle, sufficiently loud to be audible over the whole house. Then the rude orchestra poured out its music to such fugue tunes as Majesty, Bridgewater, and Coronation, and in "strains," too, which, if they were not quite so "sweet" as those which "angels use," were, we doubt not, often acceptable to Gabriel and to God.

The pews of the old church were those large, high, square pens, which, as the parents sat below, and the children in the galleries, would seem to have been constructed for the especial convenience of the boys, who might be disposed to play at meeting. A remedy for this evil, however, was at hand; for if any of the thoughtless urchins made too free an use of their hiding-places, the loud rap and the pointing finger of the stern tythingman instantly reduced them to order, and fixed upon them a mark of disgrace never to be forgotten.

But we have detained our readers too long from "SAYING THE CATECHISM." Not that we expect that *they* can "say" it as well, if at all, as the youth in W—— in those olden times, but we wish to inform them how the heroes of our narrative "said" it, as the phrase then was. The Catechism was divided into three parts. The first part comprehended all between, "What is the chief end of man?" and "the first commandment." The second embraced all "the commandments," together with "what is required" and "what is forbidden" in them all, and "the reasons annexed for observing them." The third included all from the question, "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God?" to the end. The Catechism was required, by the public sentiment of the town, to be perfectly committed to memory, and publicly recited in the meeting-house, by all the children and youth between the ages of eight and fifteen. These public recitations were held on three different Sabbaths, every year, with perhaps a fort-



night intervening between them, to allow sufficient time for the children to commit to memory the division assigned.

When the time arrived for commencing the exercise, the excitement was tremendous. As the great battle of Trafalgar was about to commence between the immense fleets of England and France, Lord Nelson displayed at the mast-head of his flag-ship, the Victory, the exciting proclamation, streaming in the wind, "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY." That proclamation awoke all the national enthusiasm of his officers and men, and strung every nerve for awful conflict. Scarcely less imperative and exciting was the announcement from the pulpit by Father H—, "Sabbath after next, the first division of the Catechism will be recited here."

There was "no discharge in that war." Public sentiment demanded the most implicit obedience by all concerned. The old Catechisms were looked up, new ones bought, and parents set their children to the work at once and in earnest. Every question and every answer must be most thoroughly committed to memory, *verbatim, et literatim, et punctuatim*. The time for recitation was at the close of the afternoon service. All the children in the town, dressed in their "Sabbath-day clothes," were arranged, shoulder to shoulder, the boys on the one side and the girls on the other, of the broad aisle, beginning at the "deacons' seat," and extending down that aisle and round through the side aisles, as far as was necessary. The parents—"children of a larger growth"—crowded the pews and galleries, tremblingly anxious that their little ones might acquit themselves well. Father H— occupied the pulpit, and put out the questions to the children in order, and each one, when the question came to him, was expected to wheel out of the line, *à la militaire*, into the broad aisle, and face the minister, and make his best obeisance, and answer the question put to him, without the slightest mistake. "To be told,

that is, to be *corrected* by the minister, was not a thing to be permitted by any child who expected thereafter to have any reputation in that town for good scholarship. Many were the "knees" which "smote one against another" during that fearful process. In this manner, the three divisions of the Catechism were successively recited, and many are the persons who recollect, and will long recollect, the palpitating heart, the tremulous voice, the quivering frame, with which, for several years, they went through that terrible ordeal.

But the moral influence of that exercise upon the youth of W—, was as salutary as its nervous effects were appalling. It indoctrinated them into the great truths of Christianity. They did not, of course, descend into the profound depths of the metaphysics of theology, but they became possessed of the *system* which was embraced by their fathers. They were not indeed prepared to

"Reason high,  
Of providence, foreknowledge, will and fate;  
Fixed fate, free will, foreknowledge absolute,"

but their minds were so filled with the outline of revealed truth; they so well understood the character and government of God, and the method of salvation through a crucified Redeemer,

"That to the height of this great argument,  
They could assert eternal Providence,  
And justify the ways of God to men."

In closing this article, the writer cannot but record his obligations to his parents, now, he trusts, in heaven, for their fidelity in requiring him, much against his will, to commit to memory the Assembly's Catechism, and to "say" it publicly for six or seven years in succession, in the old meeting-house in W—, amid tremblings and agitations, which he can never cease to remember.

## THE BLUE-BOTTLE.

(SEE ENGRAVING.)

BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D..

SYSTEMATIC name—*Centaurea cyanus*. Class *Syngenesia*—Order *Polygamia Frustranea*—Natural order *Cinerocephala*.

*Generic Character*.—Calyx variously arranged, mostly imbricate, roundish; egret also various, simple; receptacle armed with stiff hairs; ray florets funnel-shaped, longer than those of the disk, irregular.

*Specific Character*.—Scales of the calyx serrate; leaves opposite, upper ones linear, entire; lower ones toothed, or notched; the stalk and leaves are of a whitish green. The plant grows from one to three feet high, and when in flower, makes a conspicuous and elegant appearance. The blossoms are of different colors, as blue, white, red, &c.; blue, however, seems to be its original and prevailing color.

*Geography*.—Indigenous to the island of Great Britain, where it springs up spontaneously in corn-fields, and passes for "a common and very pretty weed." It has become naturalized here, and continues to vegetate in old, abandoned gardens, where it has once been cultivated. With us it is a common garden flower.

*Properties*.—Several species under the genus *Centaurea* were formerly supposed to answer important medicinal purposes. The only one, however, that still retains any considerable popularity, is the *Centaurea benedicta* (blessed thistle); but chamomile flowers are now substituted for it, and are thought to be of at least equal value. The species we here describe, a figure of which embellishes this number of the Magazine, was formerly in frequent use in fevers, fits, indigestion, constipation, &c., &c., but, like many of its compeers, its renown has long since passed away, and now it can only boast of pleasing the children as a "pretty flower." But such has been the fate of almost every article of medicine, especially in the vegetable kingdom; the virtues attributed to it were over-rated, and the credulous practitioner and his confiding patient were disappointed, and because it did not prove a specific

in one or more diseases, it was consigned to utter neglect and forgetfulness, until sober reason again summoned it to the lists, and assigned it its proper rank and station in the train of the goddess Hygeia.

I was assured the other day, by an intelligent German, that a decoction of the flower-heads of this plant was an excellent remedy in whooping-cough. Sir John Hill, of Bordeaux, in his "Family Herbal," p. 42, says, "The leaves which grow on the stalks of the blue-bottle, fresh gathered and bruised, will stop the bleeding of a fresh wound, even if a large vessel be cut. They are not sufficiently known for this purpose, but they exceed all other things, and may save life where a surgeon is not to be had in time for such an accident." This statement, coming as it does from Dr. Hill, is certainly worth bearing in mind, and opportunities for the experiment are not unfrequently presented.

*Remarks*.—The generic name of this plant (*Centaurea*) is derived from *κентаυρος*, a centaur, a fabulous being of Thessaly, half man and half horse.\* By some botanists it is denominated *Chironia*, from *χείρων*, the chief, or leader of the centaurs, who, as soon as he was grown up, took to the woods and became famous for his knowledge of music, medicine, and shooting. He taught mankind the properties and uses of medicinal herbs, and was preceptor to the greatest heroes of the age. Among his pupils were Achilles, Æsculapius, Hercules, Jason, Peleus, Æneas, &c. It was thus named because Chiron used it to cure the foot of Hercules which had been wounded by an arrow poisoned with the blood of the Lernaean hydra. It receives its specific name from the prevailing color of its petals, which resembles that of a kind of blue jasper, called *cyanus*. Its common names are blue-bottle—corn-flower plant, and centaur.

*The Sentiment* of this flower is *Delicacy*. "Its beautiful blue, which is of the color of

\* Ovid, Homer, Hesiod, Pliny, Plutarch, &c.

an unclouded sky, has made it the emblem of a tender and delicate sentiment: nourished by hope."—*Poetry of Flowers, and Flowers of Poetry.*

My darling flower—in gardens fair,  
I'll nourish thee with fostering care  
When summer skies are clear:

Thy delicacy and thy grace  
Bid Hope assume a smiling face,  
My solitude to cheer.

Thy modest crest of azure blue,  
Bright glist'ning in the pearly dew,  
Beguiles my lonely hours:  
Fit emblem thou, of love that's pure;  
Of Friendship that shall e'er endure  
In Eden's fadeless bowers.

## THE TEACHINGS OF NATURE.

It is well to turn aside at times, from the cares and perplexities of life, and converse, as it were, with the inanimate world. There are many lessons taught in nature, many more than those we see so often written out. I have marvelled exceedingly at the cold gaze of some idle eyes which glanced over a lovely scene, or the careless and indifferent air with which I have seen the gazer turn from a lofty mountain, or a grand waterfall, or a beautiful river. How gladly I have turned from such companions and sought friends in the rocks, and trees, and streams! There is an affected romance, so called, which is detestable, as are all affectations, and it is such romance which has caused sentiment to be regarded as ridiculous, and in the end has reared a conventional law which forbids the outgush of free feeling, unless in a certain way, and after certain approved customs. This law has prescribed so many tears, and so many sobs, and so many *ah me's!* over the coffin of a mother, and a proportionate number at the grave of a sister: it has appointed just the proper amount of astonishment which is to be exhibited when the eye first beholds Niagara in all its grandeur; and it has sometimes condescended to find beauty in other flowers than those of the conservatory, and other gardens than those planted by the hand of "an experienced Scotch gardener."

That person is to be pitied who is bound by this law, no less than is the individual who has no love or appreciation of the truly beautiful. Look at yonder tree, spreading its giant limbs over the cottage it shades. It stood there when the stout old man in the door was a babe. It will stand there when his babes are men. How many changes has it outlived?

Verily, they are countless. Nations have grown and died, empires waxed strong and decayed, since that brave tree bent to the first winter blast. All Europe has been grasped in the hand of the child of Destiny, and been again flung or torn away. France has trembled under three dynasties, and a reign of terror; Greece has been twice revolutionized; Spain—Spain's revolutions are yearly; our own country has grown from childhood to vigor and power. The whole world has resumed a new aspect in political and religious matters: it has rocked in earthquakes, and swung on in space, guided by the unerring law of its Maker; and men have been born and grown old, and gone to judgment, and the tree is green and glorious! Truly, in such a view, the rocks of centuries are most solemn witness-bearers. They become the historians of the world; and the stars above us, who have watched all the changes of our planet, may well serve as marks in the volume of memory. If they speak, they but echo through the long centuries the glad anthem of creation.

There is a legend of Arabia, that has its moral, and which is not uninteresting. A traveller over the sands of the desert, tells of his stumbling one day on a pile of stones, far out in the desert. Surprised at so unusual a circumstance, he groped about in search of some explanation of the mystery, and finding no clue whatever to the nature of the ruin, for such evidently was the object he had discovered, he returned to the spring from which he had wandered, and inquired of his Arab attendants. From them he gathered the subject of the following legend.

It was long ago, in the early ages, when men worshipped false gods, and had no know-

ledge of the mighty Ruler of the universe, that the young Chaldean gave himself up to the worship of a star. It was strange, passing strange. His steed was fleet, the fleetest, and his arm was strong. His heart had always bounded exultingly when he flew over the plain on his gallant barb, and he never shrunk from battle. Yet they had marked a strange gleam in his eye, and had seen him look often with a wild look at the bright Aldebaran. Suddenly, he gave his steed to his brother, and wandered away, on foot and alone, into the desert to this spring, and rested on its grassy border. Then he brought stones a weary way and piled them on a sand-hill, and built him a turret, not lofty, but it towered above the plain, and from far off men saw and wondered. Anxiously he toiled, and stone after stone he laid on the turret till it was finished, and then he knelt on its top and worshipped the God of the Arab.

There, night after night, forgetting the world around, he held high converse with the hosts of heaven, and seemed to talk with the meteor's glare, and with the gleaming star-light as with familiar spirits. And so years rolled on, and the desert sage became a prophet among his people. (So said the legend, but this is doubtless an addition of later years, as the sequel will show.) None dared go out to battle without consulting him, and knowing from him that the light was propitious; none remained at home when he said go forth. It may be, that for awhile he did deceive himself, and actually believe that he could read the future in the dim starlight of the desert. Be that as it might, men feared him, and said that he alone of all the living held communion with the spirits of the dead, and that ghastly forms on spectral steeds came to his turret, and he passed his night in holy meetings with the unforgotten brave. Then he told them no more of the future, and they began to shrink from him, shunning his tower as the residence of the evil one. He did hold converse with the unseen and spiritual, but it was only as the student of God's works may always commune with his God. He began to read on the page of heaven, at first dimly, then more distinctly, and at last with overwhelming brilliancy, the great truth, "there is a God."

And he grew old. The dreams of his youth, sunny youth! had faded quite out of his recollection, or if they came, came but momentarily, waking a smile on his withered cheek, as he remembered the light step and fairy form of his

long lost. He learned much, but not from books. And here begins the moral of the story. Calm thought and quiet reflection had done their work in his mind, as they will inevitably in the mind of every one who deals in them. Study is of no avail, is not study in its true sense, when it consists merely in the reception of accredited facts without examination or thought.

Years rolled on, and the old man grew mighty in the strength of soul, yet lacked he the clear knowledge of the Most High. He knew there was a God. He had heard it in the wind and read it in the sky. He knew that the cool breeze from the far palm groves was His breath, and as he bowed himself on his knees and felt it among his white locks and on his brow, he longed with earnest longing to know the shape and appearance of the mighty Deity of whose power he learned more and more nightly, and thought more and more daily.

Until, one night, as he was gazing on the heavens and striving to picture to himself the definite form of the God he so blindly, yet so devotedly worshipped, there came across his soul, as it were, a lightning flash from a strange bright land. For as he saw the hosts on high, marshalled in space, countless myriads, increasing with their distance and filling immensity with a dust of worlds, far beyond the power of even his strong imagination to number, then for the first time came upon him the dim idea of Infinity, and startled his soul with hitherto unknown emotions. Suddenly he be-thought him of the immutability of those stars, and the long watch they had kept nightly over the sons of the desert, and he felt that the God of those stars must be beyond his comprehension, "Infinite, Eternal, and Unchangeable." An instant his blood ran with a wild throb through his veins, and his heart bounded exultingly in the consciousness of its first communion with its God—then stilled for ever. The Arabs say that a flickering light was seen to move for years around the turret, but none approached it until a long time had passed, and then they found a sun-dried skeleton kneeling on its top. Solemnly and with many rites and forms of those old times, the worshippers of Aldebaran waited his rising, and when he reached the zenith they hollowed out a bed in the sand floor of the turret, and the astrologer slept there while its walls crumbled and fell. To this day the Arab shuns the hill-lock, and says that a flame, pale, blue and fit-



ful, may be seen at times moving about the ruin, in a starry night, when the bright God of the Arab, Anlebaran, is above, and that it is the restless soul of the star-worshipper. Such is the legend, partaking much of the old and

fanciful, yet evidently changed and explained by modern tradition. Such as it is, it may serve to illustrate the text, "The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork."

## THE PILGRIM MAN.

LIST to the solemn story  
Of the pilgrimage of man.  
Thick grew the flowers, the bright boy laughed  
As on the swift hours ran,  
And gathered buds, and heedlessly gazed  
On the frowning hill before—  
They withered, he flung them away and wept;  
Then up the mountain bore.

Steep grew the path and toilsome;  
The limbs of the youth were strong;  
And ever he sang, as he struggled on,  
A cheerful, earnest song;  
A song of life and love,  
And ne'er did a footstep falter;  
Fires of affection brightened and burned  
Upon his spirit's altar.

Gloom hung above the path,  
Lightnings were in the sky,  
The whirlwinds moaned, he heard the moan,  
And passed them heedlessly by.  
Foes filled the path before him,  
He battled and pressed along;  
Fiends held him back, their hands were stout,  
But the heart of the man was strong.

He gained life's lofty summit,  
And must tremblingly go down;  
His limbs were weak, but his heart was nerved;  
The loves of old times were gone,  
But his eye undimmed looked forward;  
If the body downward bend,  
It was that his eye might watch each step,  
As he tottered toward the end.

It is done! and he lays him gladly  
To rest on the river's bank;  
He remembers the springs where his childish lips  
Of the living waters drank.  
The river of death runs darkly,  
But he thinks of the climes of love,  
So he enters the stream with an earnest tread,  
And is gone to the land above.

Long were the passing ages,  
 Before the reckoning came;  
 And the world, and the sun, and the holy stars  
 Swung ever in space the same,  
 But the Judge appeared at length,  
 Earth came at the trumpet's sound!  
 The Pilgrim spake of his crucified Lord,  
 And his rest at last is found.

## RAMBLES ABOUT PARIS.—No. V.

### PALACES AND PRISONS OF PARIS.

BY REV. J. T. HEADLEY.

THERE can scarcely be two things more dissimilar in their outward appearance and inward arrangement than a prison and a palace, yet in Paris one associates them together more frequently than anything else. In this gay capital, the palace has not only frequently been the prison of its inmates, but the portico to a gloomier dungeon. In the revolution, a palace was the most dangerous residence one could occupy; and there was not a poverty-stricken wretch in Paris who did not feel more secure than those who occupied it. From a palace to prison, was then a short step, and from the prison to the scaffold a shorter still.

First in the list comes the palace of the Tuileries, the residence of the King and court. I do not design to describe this in detail, for it would be indefinite in the first place, and hence dry and uninteresting, in the second place. This magnificent palace fronts the garden of the Tuileries on one side, and the Place du Carrousel on the other. In 1416, the spot on which it stands was a tile field, where all the tiles with which Paris is supplied were made, and had been made for centuries. Those portions of the field not occupied with the tile makers, and their clay and kilns, were used as a place of deposit for carrion, and rubbish of every sort. Francis I. built the first house upon it in 1518, and Catherine de Medici, in 1564, began the present edifice. After she had proceeded awhile she became alarmed at the prediction of an astrologer, and stopped. Henry IV. took it up again, and finally, under Louis XIII., it was completed. It is a noble

building, though of no particular order, or rather of all orders combined. Each story shows the taste of the age in which it was erected. The columns of the lower one are Ionic, of the second Corinthian, and of the third Composite, all and each corresponding to the epoch in which they were built. Its front towards the garden is very imposing and over its solid walls may yet be traced the fierce hand-writing of the revolution. The frenzied mob that thundered against it might not have been able to write, but they have left their *mark*, which no one can mistake. The entire length of the front is a thousand feet, while the building is a little over a hundred feet deep. Its interior is divided into private and public royal apartments—saloons, etc., etc. The Louis Philippe gallery is lighted on one side only, and by immense windows, while on the other side of the room, opposite them and equally large, are arranged looking-glasses in the panels, eighteen feet high, and seven feet wide—single, solid plates. Here, too, is the silver statue of peace voted to Napoleon, by the city, after the peace of Amiens.

The garden in front of it, with its statues, shaded walks, long avenues and fountains, I have described before. The other side of the palace fronts the Place du Carrousel, beyond which is the Palace of the Louvre. This "Place" derived its name from a grand tournament which Louis XIV. held there nearly two hundred years ago. On the eastern side, the infernal machine exploded, destined to kill Napoleon, and in its place now rises the

triumphal arch, erected by the emperor in the days of his power. Eight Corinthian columns of red marble support the entablature of this arch, and above them are bas-reliefs representing great events in Napoleon's life. There is the battle of Austerlitz, the capitulation of Ulm, the entrance into Vienna and Munich, and the interview of the Emperors, forming in all rather a curious comment on the infernal machine.

On the farther side stands the Palace of the Louvre. It was begun by Francis I., but when Napoleon came into power, the roof was not yet on. One of the things that arrested my attention most, was the bullet-marks on the walls, left there in the last French revolution, of 1830. The maddened populace swarmed up to it, as they had formerly done, in the first revolution, and hailed bullets on its massive walls. The Swiss guards defended it, and, mindful of the fate of their comrades half a century before, and determined not to be massacred in detail, as *they* had been, hurled death on the assailants. Those who fell were buried here, and every year, at the anniversary of their death, a solemn service is performed on the spot where they died. This palace is not so large as that of the Tuileries, its front being a little over half as long as the latter. It is a fine building, but interesting chiefly for the museums it contains. Here you may wander, day after day, through the halls of paintings and statuary, and ever find something new and beautiful. A little removed from these two palaces, on the other side of the Rue Rivoli and Rue St. Honoré, blocked in with houses, stands the Palais Royal. The orgies this old palace witnessed under the Regent, and afterwards under the Duke of Orleans, otherwise called Egalité, are perhaps without a parallel, if we except those of the Medici in the Ducal palace of Florence. Scenes of debauchery and of shame, revelries and drunkennesses, such as would disgrace the inmates of a brothel, were enacted here in gilded, tapestried rooms, hung in costly curtains, and decorated with all that art could lavish upon them.

But come, stroll around these royal gardens, seven hundred feet long and three hundred feet broad, lined with lime trees, and fencing in flower-gardens and fountains. It is a July evening, and the cool summer air is breathing freshness over the crowds of loungers that throng the open area. There are four little pavilions in which a man sits to let out papers to read at a cent each. Around them your

small politicians are assembled, reading and talking, all hours of the day. Were papers as cheap as in New York, this would not be very profitable business, for each would *buy* instead of *hire* his paper for a penny, but here it is a money-making affair. Such a throng is always found here in the evening, that the mere privilege of allowing men to let out chairs and furnish refreshment yields the crown more than five thousand dollars a year. This garden is entirely surrounded by houses, with the first story an open gallery, in which one can promenade at his leisure, looking in the gay shops that line it. Here, too, are restaurants and cafés in any quantity, furnishing your diners at any price. You may step into this elegant one, and a little soup, a beef-steak, with a slight dessert, will cost you a dollar. But a few steps farther on is a sign which says, a dinner with five courses for two francs and a half, or about forty-six cents, and there is another, furnishing an equal number of dishes, with wine, for two francs, or thirty-seven and a half cents. If you have a mind to try this cheap dinner, step in and call for a two-franc dinner. There is no deception—the five dishes and wine come on in solemn order, but if you eat it, shut your eyes, “and ask no questions,” not “for conscience,” but for stomach's sake. Your mutton *may* have been cut from the ham of a dog, and the various dishes so disguised in cooking, and with sauce, are just as likely to be hash of *cats* as anything else. If you get the refuse of some rich man's table, be thankful and say nothing. The wine you need not be a temperance man to refuse, though you must be an out and out toper if you can muster courage to swallow it. Still it is well to make the experiment of one such dinner to know what it is. You need not eat it—it is worth two francs to look at it once.

The gallery on the south, called the gallery of Orleans, “*Galérie d'Orleans*,” three hundred feet long and forty wide, is the most beautiful of all, and almost bewilders you as you walk through it. Many a time have I wandered backwards and forwards here, thinking the while I must be in a glass gallery. The back part of it is composed of elegant shops, with the windows fairly flashing with the gay and costly things that adorn them—all fancy articles, designed for ornament and show, while between the windows is neither wood nor stone, but splendid mirrors filling the place of panels. When the brilliant lights

are burning, and the gay crowd are strolling about it, it is one of the most picturesque scenes imaginable. The Palais Royal has been called the capitol of Paris, and rightly enough, too, for it is the concentrated gaiety of the city.

Going out in the Rue St. Honoré, where it nearly joins Rue Rivoli opposite the Place du Carrousel, let us go down the side of the palace of the Tuileries, and entering the gardens, stroll towards the Champs Elysées. The Rue St. Honoré goes direct to the palace of the *Elysées Bourbon*, but the route through these magnificent grounds is just as near, and far more pleasant. Strolling through one of the shaded avenues of the garden, we emerge at the farther end on to the *Place de Concorde*, the commencement of the Champs Elysées. Pause here a moment, I always do, though it be the hundredth time, and look back on the dial of the clock that is placed in the façade of the Tuileries. Here the guillotine stood, drenched in blood, and on that very dial did the executioner look when the head of the king was to fall. If that old dial could speak, it could tell tales that would freeze one's blood. You need not shudder as you cross this place of terrible remembrances, for care has been taken to have nothing left to call them to mind. Two beautiful and highly ornamented fountains are throwing their bright waters around, making a murmur like music; but though they flow a thousand years, they cannot wash the blood out of these stones.

Wandering down on the Champs Elysées, we come, on the right hand margin, to the "Palais d'Elysées Bourbon." The building is fine, but it is the associations that make it interesting. During the revolution, it became the governmental printing-house. Afterwards, Murat bought it and lived in it, after he married the sister of Napoleon. Many of his improvements remain, and one room is furnished to resemble a silken tent. It was done by the wife of Murat, with which to welcome her kingly husband as he returned from one of his victorious campaigns. After he was made King of Naples, it reverted to the government, and became the favorite residence of Napoleon. Here is the *Salon des Aides-de-Camp*, where he used to dine with his family on Sundays, and there the *Salon de Reception*, his council chamber, and near by the *Salon des travaux*. Here, too, is the bed-room and the very bed on which the fugitive emperor slept for the last time, as he fled from the fatal battle of Waterloo. The room is in blue and gold, and the

recess where the bed stands is magnificent, but the last night the form of the emperor reclined there, sleep was far from its silken folds. His throne and crown lay crushed and trampled on the hard-fought field, and the sun of his power had set for ever. The Emperor of Russia lodged in this palace when the allied troops occupied Paris the first time, and here Napoleon lived during the hundred days after he returned from Elba. He left it after his final overthrow, to give place to Wellington, who sat here and mused over the crisis he had passed, and the world-wide renown he had gained. Old palace! I should think it would hardly know its own politics by this time. To entertain loyally so many different kinds of kings and heroes, and treat them all with equal grace, argues a flexibility of opinion equal to Tallyrand.

Opposite the Champs Elysées, the other side of the Seine, is the Palais Bourbon, distinguished now chiefly as the seat of the Chamber of Deputies. The famous Council of Five Hundred used to sit here, and now the five hundred and twenty-nine representatives of France meet in Congress within its walls. It is hardly worth going over, but its beautiful white front, adorned with columns, has a fine effect when viewed from this side of the river.

Opposite the Tuileries, on the farther side of the Seine, though out of sight, and a long way from the banks of the river, stands the noble palace of the Luxembourg. I have spoken of this before, when describing the debates in the Chamber of Peers, and only refer to it now in the list of palaces. In the days of the French republic, the Directory occupied it as the place of their sitting, and now the imbecile and almost helpless Peers legislate in its halls.

With a trip to Versailles I will close up (*figuratively speaking*) the palaces of Paris. This is about twelve miles from Paris, with a railroad leading to it each side of the river, so that you can go one side of the Seine, and return on the other. I took the railroad as far as St. Cloud, or about half way, and stopped to see this other royal though rather *petit* palace. The magnificent grounds interested me more than anything else. It was a scorching day, and I strolled under the shades of the green trees in perfect delight. Just as I was approaching one of the cascades, I heard music, sounding like human voices singing, though the echo took a singular tone. I wandered about hither and thither, but could not,



for the life of me, tell whence the sound came. At length I came upon a deep recess in a high bank, looking like a dry cascade, and lo! there sat a sister of charity, with several girls and young women about her, knitting, and sewing, and singing together. They made the woods ring again, while the deep cavern-like recess they were in, by confining the sound, and sending it upward instead of outward, produced a singular effect on the ear.

I walked through the grand park a mile to Sevres to see the famous porcelain manufactory. I do not design to describe this manufactory, but the great show-room is magnificent. Such costly and richly ornamented vessels and bijouterie I never saw before. The best painters are employed, and some of the designs are most exquisitely finished. A man could spend a fortune here without half gratifying his taste. This is the best porcelain manufactory in Europe. Here are kept also all the specimens of porcelain in the world, as well as of the first variety ever glazed in France. No one visiting Paris should fail of seeing them.

From this place I took the cars to Versailles, and in a few minutes went rattling into the miserable, forsaken-looking little village that bears that name. Soon after I was looking on the palace of palaces in France. I do not design either to describe this immense pile of buildings. Henry IV., the "glorious Harry of Navarre," used to gallop over its site in the chase. It has passed through many changes, but now presents a richness and wealth of exterior surpassed by few palaces in the world. You approach it through the ample *Place d'Armes*, and enter the spacious court through groups of statues, looking down on you as you pass. The main front is five hundred feet long, flanked by wings, each two hundred and sixty feet in length. I cannot even go over the names of the almost endless rooms in this pile of buildings. It is estimated that one travels *seven miles* to pass through them all. I can travel that far in the woods without fatigue, but to go that distance through galleries of paintings, and statues, and elegantly furnished apartments, filled with works of art, is quite another thing. Seven miles of sight-seeing on a single stretch was too much for my nerves, so I selected those rooms most worthy of attention, and avoided the rest.

The historical gallery interested me most. Here are the pictures of all Napoleon's great battles. Indeed, it might be called the Napo-

leon gallery. All the pomp and magnificence of a great battle-field meet you at every step. But I was most interested in a group of paintings representing Napoleon and his most distinguished marshals, both in their youth and in the full maturity of years. There stands the young Lieutenant Bonaparte, thin, sallow, with his long hair carelessly thrown about his grave and thoughtful face, and by its side the emperor, in the plenitude of his power and splendor of his royal robes. There, too, is the sub-Lieutenant Lannes, the fiery-hearted youth, and that same Lieutenant as the Duke of Montebello, and Marshal of the empire. In the same group is the under-Lieutenant, Murat, tall and handsome, and fiery; and by his side, Murat, as King of Naples, gorgeously apparelled, furnishing strong and striking contrasts—histories in themselves. There also were Bernadotte and Soult, in the same double aspect, and, last of all, Louis Philippe, as lieutenant and as King of France. The grand *Galerie des Glaces* is one of the finest rooms in the world. It is 242 feet long, 35 wide, and 43 feet high. Seventeen immense windows light it on one side, while opposite them are seventeen equally large mirrors. Sixty columns of red marble, with bases and capitals of gilt bronze, fill up the spaces between the windows and mirrors, while similar columns adorn the entrance. You wander confused through this wilderness of apartments, filled with works of art, and it is a relief when you emerge on to one of the balconies, and look off on the apparently limitless gardens and parks that spread away from the palace. Immense basins of water, little canals, fountains, jets, arches, and a whole forest of statuary, rise on the view, baffling all description, and astonishing you with the prodigality of wealth they exhibit. There is a beautiful *orangerie*, garden of orange trees, sunk deep down amid walls, to which you descend by flights of a hundred and three steps. Here is one orange tree more than four hundred years old, that still shakes its green crown among its children. On one side of these extensive grounds are two royal buildings, called the great and little Trianons. In the garden of the little (*Petit*) Trianon is a weeping willow, planted by the hand of Marie Antoinette. Here, in her days of darkness and sorrow, she used to come and sit, and weep over her misfortunes. Poor willow, it almost seems to speak of its mistress, as it stands drooping alone.

But I have tarried so long around the pala-

ces of Paris, that I must dismiss its prisons without a description. There are eight prisons in the city, whose walls have seen more of suffering, more cries and groans—witnessed more unhallowed revelries and scenes of shame, than the like number in any other part of the world. During the Revolution, they were crowded with inmates who, in the frenzy of desperation, enacted scenes that day would blush to look upon, while the monsters who trod France, like a wine-press, beneath their feet, made the foundations float with the blood of the slain. There is La Force, which forms so conspicuous a figure in one of Eugene Sue's works. Here, too, is the conciergerie into which Marie Antoinette was hurried from her palace and lay for two months and a half, and left it only to mount the scaffold. Here, too, pined the princess Elizabeth a weary captive, and, last of all, it received the inhuman Robespierre from whence he was taken to the scaffold. This prison has been the scene of many a terrible massacre. In the one of 1792, *two hundred and thirty-nine* were murdered

at once, and rivulets of blood poured on every side, from its gloomy walls. Here, too, is the never-to-be-forgotten Abbaye, with its gloomy underground dungeons, which performed so tragical a part in the Revolution. I have previously described some of the terrific scenes this prison has witnessed. One cannot look on it without shuddering, and turns away, wondering if the men hurrying past him are of the same species with those who have made this prison such a blot on humanity.

Ah! this Paris is full of extremes. Its population rush into pleasure or into massacres with equal readiness—turn dandies or tigers in a moment—are carried away by romantic sentiments, one day, and by the most ferocious feelings that ever filled the bosom of a fiend, the next—gay, dancing popinjays, in the morning, and heroes at night—votaries of pleasure, and profound mathematicians, mingling the strangest qualities, and exhibiting the strangest history of any people on the face of the earth.

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## HOPE'S AIRY ISLES.

BY WM. OLAND BOURNE.

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DREAM-BORN isles repose, I ween,  
Far away in Fancy's clime—  
Lownd are they, and dimly seen,  
Through the sensuous film of Time.

Bosomed on a gentle sea,  
Fanned by zephyrs soft and sweet,  
Where the minstrel air-harps be,  
Breathing songs the winds repeat.

There the dreamy air is filled  
With a haze-invoken hue,  
Bathed in which the soul is stilled  
All its inner senses through.

On the sands bright gems appear,  
Shimmering forth with priceless pearls,  
While the waves approaching near,  
Wreath them round with crystal curls.

Hushed is old Æolus' tone,  
In this pure, delicious clime,  
Where the interfulgent zone  
Robes them all with light sublime.

Far beyond, mid gentle vales,  
Graceful slopes, or sun-tipped hills,  
Light-born, Orphic nightingales  
Wake the sound that through me thrills

Melting through my soul are strains  
All-pervading, full of bliss—  
Holy, passionless refrains,  
From my spirit's love-abyss.

In my Polyhymnian isle  
Stands a truth-built sapphire throne—  
Gem-lit harps of gold beguile  
Earth's dull ear with seraph tone.

There is one where Paphian dreams  
Wake the thrill of joy-born tears,  
Leading Hope to bathe in streams  
Flushed with Life's voluptuous years.

There is one where songs upborne  
Spring forth, like a mellow hue,  
On the soft winds of the morn,  
When their whisperings they renew.

Pen nor pencil can declare  
Tithe of tithe of things that be,  
In those islands springing fair  
From my Thought's unfathomed sea.

Oft I bid my spirit wing  
Over sea its sense-bound flight,  
Sighing, if it cannot sing,  
Past the dusky shores of Night:

Forth from shadowy realms where now  
Doubt and darkness cover me—  
Bidding Faith to deck the prow  
Of my thought-winged Argosie.

But I turn from vision-seeing,  
From my pencilling of dreams,  
Back to thoughts of earnest being—  
Life's great playing-stage extremes.

Here, a cold and bleak, dark cliff  
In the stern land of the Real,  
I do dwell on, wondering, if—  
I may reach the loved Ideal.

And I ask my Soul—"Am I  
 Ever bound to clog and clod?  
 Utterings deep, Aspirings high,  
 Lead me forth to Truth and God."

Comes this answer to my ear—  
 Filled with melody and power—  
 "Walk in duty steadfast here,  
 Watch and pray! Redeem the hour!"

"With high aims seek thou to live—  
 With high purposes to do—  
 They to Hope's Ideal give  
 Trust's unclouded point of view."

"Life is stern to souls that look  
 Faint, distrusting, on their path,  
 But to thee becomes a book,  
 Glorious with the Joy it hath."

### DIVINE PROVIDENCE.

THE believer in revelation is a believer in the doctrine of a Divine Providence. He believeth in a God who "upholdeth all things by the word of His power;" a God who, having spoken creation into existence at a breath, having kindled suns and systems to wheel and gravitate amidst immensity—is present in them all, acts in them all, and rules in them all. In every event of history, in the vicissitudes of his own personal experience, and in what passes under his daily observation, he discerns the foot-prints and fingers of the Divinity. Nothing can shake his confidence in this truth, and it is a supporting, animating truth to him. Encircled with the perpetual presence and protection of a being infinitely wise, powerful and good—he sees his pencil in the flowers, his glory in the skies, his glance in the lightning, his voice in the thunder, the cataract, and the dashing ocean, and his agency in every event; and seeing him thus, walks with watchful steps, has his troubles quieted, and his sorrows comforted, and moves on in his pilgrimage rejoicing.

In full belief of this constant providential influence, it is interesting to mark how often incidents, in themselves trifling, have been connected with important results. The swinging of a chandelier in a cathedral at Rome suggested to Galileo the invention of the pendulum. The playing of a boy with two specta-

cle-glasses suggested the invention of the telescope. The simple falling of an apple led Newton to the discovery of that great law of gravitation, which extends from the pebble to the planet, and binds together the universe. The exhibition of a fig in the Roman senate chamber was connected with the capture and ruin of Carthage. The city of Rome itself was saved by the gagging of geese from destruction by the Gauls; and the destiny of Persia was at one time suspended on the neighing of a horse. Now, if the Divine Being had overlooked these little things, He was evidently unprepared, not to say surprised, by that with which they were followed. But this will not be pretended.

It is not, however, in the arts and sciences, or in the history of nations alone, that trifles have been linked to what is of moment; but also in the lives and fortunes of individuals. Eminence in the various departments of life has been reached, not oftener by merit, than by what is called, lucky hits, incidental circumstances.

The great dramatist long ago said, as the result of his observation:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
 Which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune;  
 Omitted, all the voyage of their life  
 Is bound in shallows, and in miseries."



And whose experience and observation has not harmonized with this sentiment of Shakespeare?

Two persons of equal worth, and strength, and skill, shall have their barks stranded upon the beach. One of them, as a wave comes in, seeing it coming, watches his opportunity, and shoves off his bark. The other, not observing it, misses the wave, loses the advantage, and tugs in vain to get his off. The first makes a voyage, a successful one, and returning, finds the latter still toiling in vain upon the sand, and perhaps in pity to him, hires him as a day laborer to discharge his cargo. How frequent are such cases? Joseph steps from a prison to a palace. Saul, in seeking his father's asses, finds a kingdom. Blucher, coming up with his troops at a critical juncture, turns the tide of war, elevates Wellington and himself, and overwhelms Napoleon with mortification and defeat.

"The race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong," nor yet bread to the wise, nor yet riches to men of understanding, nor yet favor to men of skill. Lord Erskine made the declaration in Parliament, that "success often depended upon accident, and certain physical advantages, than upon the most brilliant talent, and the most profound erudition." And he was a good example of the truth of his own remark. Not that he was destitute of talent or of erudition, for he possessed both, but because his first effort to establish a name succeeded by a contingency. Erskine was brought into notice by a speech which he made early one morning, when his own faculties and the faculties of the court were awake and freshened, instead of being obliged to make it the previous evening; and this was owing to the fact that one of the lawyers who preceded him—Hargrave—was suffering under a disorder, which obliged him to stop several times in the course of his argument. Lord Loughborough commenced practice at the Scotch bar. Brought into collision with the Lord President, he called him no gentleman. For this he was reprimanded and ordered to apologize, but being too independent and proud to do so, he left the Scotch bar for the English bar, for which he was more admirably adapted, and where he rose rapidly to distinction. Chancellor Eldon ascribes his success to marrying a poor girl instead of a wealthy one. Paley his, to some reproachful yet encouraging words addressed him by his room-mate, who found him, as was his custom, late in bed

one morning. The following is his own account of this singular occurrence. "I spent the first two years of my under-graduateship happily, but unprofitably. I was constantly in society where we were not immoral, but idle and rather expensive. At the commencement of my third year, however, after having left the usual party at rather a late hour in the evening, I was awakened in the morning by one of my companions, who stood at my bedside and said, 'Paley, I have been thinking what a fool you are. I could do nothing, probably, were I to try, and can afford the life I lead; you could do everything, and cannot afford it. I have had no sleep during the whole night on account of these reflections, and am now come solemnly to inform you, that if you persist in your indolence, I must renounce your society.' I was so struck with the visit and the visitor, that I lay in the bed great part of the day, and formed my plan. I ordered my bed-maker to prepare my fire every evening, in order that it might be lighted by myself. I arose at five, read during most of the day, except such hours as chapel and hall required, allotting each portion of time its peculiar branch of study; and thus, on taking my bachelor's degree, I became senior-wrangler." Hence, this expostulation of a friend made Paley, from an idle and thoughtless youth, William Paley, D. D., Archdeacon of Carlisle! Sir Astley Cooper relates the case of a distinguished physician and surgeon in London, who, at the commencement of his course, became despondent for want of practice, and took to his cups. While under the effects of intoxicating draughts, he was sent for to see a lady of quality; and, on entering her room, conscious of inability properly to prescribe for her, exclaimed, "Drunk, drunk as a beast!" and withdrew. It appears that the lady also herself was in a like state of inebriation, and supposing she was detected in what she hoped was concealed, and always ascribed to attacks of illness, she sent for him again, on becoming sober, enjoined secrecy upon him, made him her physician, and introduced him to others of the nobility, among whom he made his fortune. It would be easy to adduce similar instances in our own land. Many have blundered into eminence, and blundered into insignificance. Remarks one high in office and honor, "When I look round on my competitors, and consider my own qualifications, the wonder to me is, how I ever got to the place which I now occupy. I can only account for

it, by comparing the forensic career to one of the crossings in our great thoroughfares. You arrive just when it is clear and get over at once; another finds it blocked up, is kept waiting, and arrives too late at his destination, *though the better pedestrian of the two.*"

Mysterious, indeed, is the nexus which binds cause and effect. Yet there is such a nexus, with which the finger of the Almighty has invariably to do. There is no such thing as chance or fate. It was not by chance that our planet was launched upon its circuit, nor by caprice or fate is it governed. "God is all in all." "He putteth down one, and setteth up another." "Not a sparrow falleth to

the ground without his notice, and the very hairs of our heads are all numbered." We may appoint, but God may disappoint. We may plan, but our cherished schemes may be frustrated. We may fear, but God may be far better to us than our fears. We may affirm that it is "in man that walketh to direct his steps," but it is not so. We may set up for independency, but that will not make us independent, for

"There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,  
Rough-hew them how we may."

N. E.

## LEAVES FROM THE NOTE-BOOK OF A VALETUDINARIAN.

### ENGLAND—ITS INTERNAL STATE.

It has often been a matter of surprise to me, how erroneous are the views which we are apt to entertain of a foreign country, derived from mere reading or from the accounts of travellers in general. We get our notions of this or that land being beautiful, or happy, or interesting, or gloomy and cheerless, or possessed of some marked characteristic, in a way we cannot always tell how. It may be the chance expression of some enthusiastic tourist, or some splenetic anathema of a bilious, testy invalid; it may be some pretty story, or some life-like description of scenes and manners abroad; it may be some glowing poem, or spirit-stirring national song; it may be any one of these which gives a turn to our thoughts, and by fixing our memory upon some striking passage or saying, makes us judge of England, as "merry," delightful, and happy; of France, as "beautiful"—*la belle*—and lovely; of Italy, as the land of gorgeous skies and magnificence in works of art, &c.

It may well be confessed, as indeed it must be, that, to some extent, every impression, whether favorable or unfavorable, has its origin in truth; and hence, every country is in a measure entitled to the praise of being happy and beautiful, or to the discredit of being wretched, dull, and gloomy. There is no land but what has some advantages; there is no people but what has its virtues and excel-

lences; there is no nation but what have traits of character to be admired and imitated; even so, too, there is not a country on the face of the earth where misery is wholly excluded, there is no portion of our race whom sin has not debased, and whose happy hours have not been clouded with suffering, shame and sorrow; it were vain to look for unalloyed enjoyment in this life. "Merry England" is what we all have heard of and thought about, if not visited in person; its ancient castles, its venerable churches, its ivy-clad towers, its splendid mansions, its large and comfortable farm-houses, its bustling villages, and towns, and cities, its rivers and streams, its hills and dales—who has not read of them? who has not imagined it to be the earthly paradise in which we often wish it had pleased God to cast our lot? Yet some of us, too, have heard of the "shame" of England, as well as its "glory," and it may be we are convinced how deep and dark are the stains on its national escutcheon, in consequence of ignorance, starving inhabitants, and legalized bondage, in the midst of wealth and luxury, unknown, and almost unimagined by us in America.

Folly would it be for me to suppose that the views which I entertain of England and its internal state and condition, will meet the approbation of the admirers of everything foreign, and the detractors from everything na-

tive and home-born: as little, too, can I hope to convince the high tory that anything in England is open to objection, or that the misery which exists in fact, has any other existence than in the brain of some enemy of Church and State. Nevertheless, I hesitate not to say that I have striven to lay aside prejudice, that I have every reason to be attached to England, and to judge favorably of it, and that I have never received anything but kindness from those whom I met with abroad. Such opinions as I have are honestly entertained, however erroneous, and frankly expressed, however unpleasant. I shall hardly aspire to the setting right the sentiments of mankind respecting this or that country; I am not so vain and conceited as to imagine that I have arrived at the whole truth, and can consequently convey to the reader exact and reliable impressions: by no means. Error of judgment is inseparable from human nature, and wo betide him who trusts to any man's infallibility in fact or in opinion!

I am going to give the reader—who has before this been burdened with my tediousness—some facts collected during a sojourn in England, and some inferences drawn from them. He will value them for what they are worth. As a relief to the dullness of the rambling, introductory remarks in which I have indulged, I shall beg to quote a passage from the elegant author of the *Sketch Book*, on the subject in hand.

"A great part of the island is rather level," he says, "and would be monotonous, were it not for the charms of culture; but it is studied and gemmed, as it were, with castles and palaces, and embroidered with parks and gardens. It does not abound in grand and sublime prospects, but rather in little home scenes of rural repose and sheltered quiet. Every antique farm-house and moss-grown cottage is a picture; and as the roads are continually winding, and the view is shut in by groves and hedges, the eye is delighted by a continual succession of small landscapes of captivating loveliness. The great charm, however, of English scenery is the moral feeling that seems to pervade it. It is associated in the mind with ideas of order, of quiet, of sober, well-established principles, of hoary usage and revered custom. Everything seems to be the growth of ages of regular and peaceful existence. The old church, of remote architecture, with its low, massive portal; its gothic tower; its windows, rich with tracery and

painted glass, in scrupulous preservation—its stately monuments of warriors and worthies of the olden time, ancestors of the present lords of the soil—its tombstones, recording successive generations of sturdy yeomanry, whose progeny still plough the same fields and kneel at the same altar—the parsonage, a quaint, irregular pile, partly antiquated, but repaired and altered in the tastes of various ages and occupants—the stile and foot path, leading from the church-yard, across pleasant fields and along shady hedge-rows, according to an immemorable right of way—the neighboring village, with its venerable cottages, its public green, sheltered by trees, under which the forefathers of the present race have sported—the antique family mansion, standing apart in some little rural domain, but looking down with a protecting air on the surrounding scene—all these common features of English landscape evince a calm and settled security, a hereditary transmission of home-bred virtues and local attachments, that speak deeply and touchingly for the moral character of the nation."

I am unwilling to mar the effect of this fine passage; what Mr. Irving asserts is true undoubtedly, yet I am constrained to say that it is only partially so; he gives us a lovely picture, rich with the mellow tints of quiet comfort and peaceful happiness; the dark shades are hidden from the view—the anguish and suffering, the fearful ravages of ignorance and maddening excitement, the hard, hard lot of starving thousands in every part of England, these are the dark lines which do not appear in the sketches, but which are needful to render the picture truthful and exact. A glance at the state of things in England will serve to explain what is meant, and to justify what may seem strong language.

Every intelligent person is aware that in Great Britain there are established distinctions between royalty, nobility, gentry, and common people; the former have secured to them privileges and power, which render their position and influence enviable and important; the latter are, of course, left to the operation of causes which they cannot control, and put in a condition from which, usually, they cannot escape; the former have all the wealth, monopolize all the learning, and centre in themselves nearly all the influence which wealth and learning always supply; the latter being vastly more numerous, and having few of the advantages which the higher classes possess, are general-

ly ignorant, frequently depraved, and, in some cases, reduced to a state of degradation quite as low, though perhaps not so utterly hopeless, as that of the slaves in the United States. Let it be remembered that all this is said of things in general, and is not meant to deny that oftentimes, under favorable circumstances, the common people are by far the most happy, and most comfortably situated of any class of people in England. I am not denying the prosperity and happiness of our brethren of the same race and tongue; I am not doubting the extent of wealth and power, or the multiplied blessings showered upon the United Kingdom; and I have none but the most kindly feelings towards those from whom I received many evidences of friendship and affection. Oh, no! England is a rich and powerful nation, as every quarter of the globe can testify—but it may be doubted whether the mass of the people are as happy and contented as they might be, or have the advantages which, according to our notions, belong of right to every individual. For my own part, I saw much to make one sad and sorrowful, and I confess that by actual contact with the system which recognizes royalty and nobility by birth, I have a much greater and stronger dislike to it than I ever had before. It were folly to deny, as some extravagant ones do, that there are good results, in many cases, from this state of things; the nobility may, I am sure, in some instances they do, accomplish good where we could not reach it, according to our arrangements; yet, I put it to any candid man, whether there are not fearful evils connected with the political and social constitution of things in England. Look at the enormous expense at which royalty is supported, the Queen and royal family receiving annually the immense sum of \$1,500,000—look at the almost infinite disproportion between the prospects and advantages of the nobility and of the common people, the one rolling in wealth, the other toiling for daily sustenance; the one freed from care and anxiety, and privileged to enjoy all that intellectual culture can supply; the other full of harassing doubts and troubles, and with little or no time or inclination for mental improvement. See how much luxury, extravagance, ostentation and gorgeous splendor exist in the midst of starving thousands, of multitudes who know not where or how to get bread for themselves and families, and whose utmost exertions can but realize a few pence a day. Hear the Poor Law Commissioners in their

Report to Parliament, state that in the counties of England, 25,000 die in one year in houses that want draining and roofing, to render them habitable; that in Liverpool, from thirty-five to forty thousand persons live in cellars, always damp and low, generally unpaved and devoid of sewers and drainage; that in Manchester with all its wealth, 10,000 *families* are living in cellars, and some of these of the worst description possible, worse than the dust-holes and coal-cellars of London houses; that oftentimes these cellars, being below the level of the river, the wretched inhabitants, on an extraordinary high tide, are aroused from their sleep and obliged to fly for their lives; that the poor are badly fed, badly clothed, and consequently dirty and exposed to the ravages of disease; that they live in mud cottages, with little or no roof, and with floors of absolute mud; and that in the winter, unfed, unclothed, unprovided with beds and bedding, their sufferings mock all attempts at description. Hear the astounding results of the inquiry, instituted by order of Parliament, into the condition of the poor sewing-girls in London; what numbers are deformed for life by excessive labor with the needle, how pale and attenuated they are, working twelve, fifteen, eighteen hours, without stopping, to supply the demand of some gilded butterfly of fashion; how contemptible the pittance for which they wear out their days in a living death, at most receiving about nine pence a day; how dreadful to find them shut up like a herd of cattle, deprived of the free air, obliged to sit hours after nature is exhausted, falling asleep in the midst of their toil, straining their eyes with insufficient light, and often injuring them irreparably, and yet not daring to discontinue, and lose the miserable fruits of their anguish and cruel confinement, for hundreds are ready to step into their place the moment they leave it. Read, too, if you have the heart and the courage, of women and children employed in brute labor in the mines; of women, in the north of England and in Scotland, harnessed to coal-carts, and dragging them through seams of coal twenty-two to twenty-eight inches only in height; of the Lancashire boys, pushing and dragging loaded coal-trucks through those miserable seams or galleries—the pushers becoming bald from the friction of their heads against the truck, the draggers maimed from hauling it on their hands and knees; of the mines in Rochdale, and in the vicinity of Preston and Macclesfield, where the miners “generally



work *naked*," and in positions and under restraints and confinement, as to space for their exertions, which shock belief; and, in fine, of the shameful mingling of men, and women, and children in the same horrible occupation, and giving occasion for the brute passions and propensities of our nature to be excited, and have full scope for their exercise. "How strange (is the indignant exclamation of the *Morning Herald*, a few years ago) that £20,000,000 of money should have been heaped upon the fetters of negro slaves in the West Indies in order to break them, and that not one indignant tongue should have yet been heard within the walls of Parliament to denounce a legalized, or at least permitted system of physical degradation to men, of moral ruin and bodily torture to women, of barbarous captivity and toil to children, for which the bondage of Egyptian task-masters, the tyranny of European 'overseers,' and the humiliations of Moorish slavery, have supplied no parallel and can suggest no type!"

I would not be thought an idle declaimer; and I am sure I have no sympathy with the agrarian, radical views which make so much noise in England, as well as among ourselves: no, there always have existed, there always will exist, from the very nature of the case, inequalities among mankind; and what sober, sensible man is prepared to say that the labors and the talents of the industrious and the virtuous ought not to have their just reward? or that these should be compelled to support the idle, the vicious, the licentious, or any others who will not labor, according to their ability, to help themselves? "The poor ye have always with you," said our blessed Lord. We need never expect any other constitution of things. He has seen fit, in his inscrutable Providence, to arrange it so, that a portion of His creatures are visited with poverty, misfortune, sickness, and other adversities; let us not murmur because thus it is, for there will ever be, as there always has been, vast difference between the mental capacities, the physical conformation, the perseverance and energy, the various advantages of birth, education, and position of one and another of the human race; and, as a consequence, their station in life and the results of their efforts for support, competency, wealth or renown, will be greatly disproportioned. But while we hold to these principles as undoubtedly true, it is impossible not to see how much the evils and unhappiness of the mass may be and are increased by

the unequal allotments of human regulations. If the laws are such as tend to keep down the majority, to engross in the hands of a small number, comparatively, the wealth, power, and great estates which are entailed for ever upon their descendants, to impose burdensome taxes\* on every conceivable article of use and daily consumption, and refuse fair and equal political privileges, to maintain a sovereign and family, at an expense which is almost incalculable—if, I say, the laws and customs of the nation are such as to produce these consequences, surely, it requires no prophetic vision to declare the inevitable result in increasing the hardships, and in rendering less tolerable the discomforts and miseries of the poor. Hence it is, that the conviction forces itself upon my mind, that while the political and social arrangements in England continue as they are, the vast majority of the people can never essentially improve their condition, do what they may; all the efforts of the wise and good will only serve to palliate the evil, they

\* The eccentric and witty, but acute SIDNEY SMITH, thus discourses on this topic: "TAXES—upon every article which enters into the mouth, or covers the back, or is placed under foot—taxes upon everything which is pleasant to see, hear, feel, smell, or taste—taxes upon warmth, light and locomotion—taxes on everything on earth and the waters under the earth—on everything that comes from abroad or is grown at home—taxes on the raw material—taxes on every fresh value that is added to it by the industry of man—taxes on the sauce which pampers man's appetite, and the drug that restores him to health—on the ermine which decorates the judge, and the rope which hangs the criminal—on the poor man's salt, and the rich man's spice—on the brass nails of the coffin, and the ribands of the bride—at bed or board, couchant or levant, we must pay. The schoolboy whips his taxed top—the beardless youth manages his taxed horse, with a taxed bridle, on a taxed road—and the dying Englishman, pouring out his medicine, which has paid seven per cent., into a spoon that has paid fifteen per cent., flings himself back upon his chintz bed, which has paid twenty-two per cent.—makes his will on an eight pound stamp, and expires in the arms of an apothecary, who has paid a license of a hundred pounds for the privilege of putting him to death. His whole property is then immediately taxed from two to ten per cent. Besides the probate, large fees are demanded for burying him in the chancel; his virtues are handed down to posterity on taxed marble; and he is then gathered to his fathers—to be taxed no more!"

cannot remove it; they may render it less grievous, they cannot take it away. For myself, I must say that no more painful sight can be witnessed than that which forces itself upon the notice of every one, viz., the luxury and

splendor in which the privileged few indulge, contrasted with the wretchedness and destitution which the many are called upon to endure.

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### AND AARON HELD HIS PEACE.

Leviticus, x. 3.

THE gathered hosts of Israel stood,  
A stern and warlike band,  
Around the altar of their God,  
Reared on the desert sand.  
And veterans bent beneath the weight  
Of toilsome years were there;  
And youth's and woman's tender form  
Met at the place of prayer.

And foremost in that waiting throng  
Stood one of noble mien,  
Whose eagle eye, undimmed by age,  
And brow of thought serene,  
Marked out—that "servant of the Lord,"  
Who, with unshrinking hand  
And meekness rare, those tribes had led  
From Egypt's distant land.

And Aaron in the holy place,  
In priestly robes arrayed,  
Now for that suppliant multitude  
His intercession made;  
There also his four goodly sons  
In youthful manhood's pride,  
Alike in sacred vestments clad,  
Stood at their father's side.

But, hark! what means that sudden rush!  
Whence comes that fearful wail?  
And why do tender hearts grow faint,  
And warrior cheeks turn pale?  
Ah! two who at the altar stood,  
Whose hearts with hope beat high,  
Now smitten by a lightning stroke,  
Beside that altar lie.

With impious hands those youthful priests  
Unhallowed incense brought,  
And Heaven's sure vengeance on their heads  
Its swift destruction wrought.

And where's that stricken sire? Oh! why  
Give his pale lips no sound,  
When those fair scions by his side  
Fall blasted to the ground?

O! 'mid the judgments and the signs  
Which shook their souls with awe,  
Perhaps no more instructive scene  
That favored people saw,  
Than when that meek and holy man  
Bade rebel passions cease,  
And 'neath the blow that rent his heart,  
Submissive, "*held his peace.*"

M. G. B.

GUARDIAN ANGELS.

"THEREFORE, as for spirits, I am so far from denying their existence, that I could easily believe that not only whole countries, but particular persons, have their tutelary and guardian angels."  
—RELIGIO MEDICI.

It is a beautiful doctrine, that "there are noble essences in heaven, that bear a friendly regard unto their friendly natures on the earth." We say that it is a doctrine, because it is taught us by the pen of inspiration; and we say that it is a beautiful doctrine, for there is a pleasure and consolation, nay, more, an inspiring influence, a sublimity in the idea—not only that there are angelic beings who praise and adore their Creator in the skies, but who also, visit earth, attend us frail, erring mortals in our pilgrimage, and minister to our necessities. They are not clothed with such gross material bodies as the human species are, but are spirits; for God says, "he maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flaming fire." They existed before man existed, and before even our planet was launched into the ocean of space; for when the Lord answered Job out of the whirlwind, He said, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth? when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy?" They excel in strength and wisdom, are confirmed in holiness, and patrol our world, either as messengers of Divine mercy, or agents of God's wrath. "Who," said the prophet Zechariah, "are these? And the angel that talked with him said unto him, I will show

thee what these be. And the man that stood among the myrtle-trees answered and said: These are they whom the Lord hath sent to walk to and fro through the earth." Nor is it any valid objection to the fact of their continual presence and instrumentality, that we cannot see them. We have but five senses, and these incorporeal ones may not come within the range of those inlets of perception. Says Baxter, "There is a faculty in the human system as adapted to an intercourse with the invisible world, as our known senses are suited to the material existences around us, but which power is dormant, unless when for some important end it is called into exercise." Nor is this idle conjecture; for this dormant power has been awakened, and *then* the person thus supernaturally wrought upon, has seen what was hidden from others, and has seen, too, *angels*. Turn to that interesting portion of Scripture, 2 Kings, vi. 15—17, and read: "And when the servant of the man of God was risen early, and gone forth, behold, an host encompassed the city, both with horses and chariots. And his servant said unto him, Alas! my master, how shall we do? And he answered, Fear not, for they that be with us are more than they that be with them. And Elisha prayed and said, Lord, I pray thee, open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw; and behold the mountain was full of horses and chariots of fire round about Elisha." These horses and chariots of fire, this spiritual con-

voy, this celestial body-guard of the prophet, were there, in all their majesty and power, before the eyes of the young man were opened. The opening of his eyes did not create them. It only enabled him to see them. And were not our senses limited, or our faculties of perception suspended—*holden*—to use a word which inspiration has selected to express the very thing we wish—we too would behold a multitude of spirits. Unless certain things are dependent upon our senses for their existence, it is no real objection to their existence, that they cannot be comprehended by our senses. There is fragrance wafted upon the gale, though individuals may be incapable of smelling it; there is beauty in the landscape and the flower, and sublimity in the mountain and the cataract, though it is nothing to him on whose sightless eye-balls light has never been poured; and there is melody in the concert and the grove—though it be no music to him whose sense of hearing is locked up. So there are angels now, happy, holy spirits, around us, though we cannot, for the want of some faculty, perceive them.

And they are likewise *guardian* angels. We say this, not because Socrates had his tutelary demon, who, he observed, "gives me notice every morning of any evil which will befall me during the day;" nor because Sir Thomas Browne, Dr. Johnson, and other great and good men, have believed that they had near them a guardian spirit; but because we can go for this truth "to the law and the testimony." Why was this army of the skies round about Elisha, but to spread over him the *ægis* of their protection? When Jacob went on his way, his heart palpitating with fear of Esau, "the angels of God met him. And when Jacob saw them, he said, this is God's host, and he called the name of the place Mahanaim." We find it written in the thirty-fourth Psalm, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them that fear him, and delivereth them." And again, in the ninety-first Psalm, "There shall no evil befall thee, neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling, for he shall give his angels charge over thee to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." And once more; says Paul, in the Epistle to the Hebrews, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Surely, then, we are justified in speaking of guardian angels, in believing in their existence

and benevolent agency, and rejoicing in the fact. We want to believe this precious doctrine, and we may. We want—tabernacled on a planet cursed for sin, bearing about a corrupt nature, exposed to malignant influences; we want, tired pilgrims on the king's highway, where we are met by Apollyon, with his darts dipped in hell; we want in our many troubles, encounters and sorrows—to believe that we are under the wing of an invisible celestial body-guard—that there are more for us than against us; that angels, blessed, mighty angels, are for us, to soothe us, and defend us, and strengthen us—whisper words of consolation in our ears, and nerve our fainting hearts. And we may. The language of Spenser's *Fairy Queen*, B. II., Canto viii., 1, 2, is alike the language of poetry and of truth.

"And is there care in heaven? and is there love  
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,

That may compassion of their evils move?  
There is: else much more wretched were the  
case

Of men than beasts. But O! th' exceeding  
grace

Of Highest God that loves his creatures so,

And all his works of mercy doth embrace,  
That blessed angels he sends to and fro,  
To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe!

"How oft do they their silver bowers leave  
To come to succor us that succor want!

How do they with golden pinions cleave  
The yielding skies, like flying pursuivant,  
Against foul fiends to aid us militant!

They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,  
And their bright squadrons round about us  
plant;

And all for love and nothing for reward;  
O why should Heavenly God to men have such  
regard!"

It is indeed an exhibition of good will, which we should properly appreciate. We should adore and bless our Creator that he has not left us, first tempted and ruined by a fallen angel, to our erring, sinful selves; but that he commissions pure intelligences to visit us, oppose the skill and wiles of devils, sustain us in life, comfort us in death, and convey our departing souls to the realms of glory. Earthly princes may have, and do have, their courtiers; but no earthly prince, no mortal that ever swayed a sceptre or wore a crown, has a retinue so dignified, so formidable, and so royal, as the humble heir of salvation. And we may well ask Jehovah to continue to us



their kind, efficient attentions. We may well use the words of the admirable Collect:

"Oh! everlasting God! who hast ordained and constituted the services of angels and men in a wonderful manner; grant that as thy holy angels always do thy service in heaven, so by thy appointment they may succor and defend us on earth, through Jesus Christ our Lord." Yea, that they may be sent of God to answer that sweet prayer, put into our mouths by Bishop Kenn:

"Oh may thy angels while I sleep,  
Around my bed their vigils keep;  
Their love angelical instil;  
Stop every avenue of ill.  
May they celestial joys rehearse,  
And thought to thought with me converse."

There is a kindred inquiry, whether the spirits of the departed dead know what is transpiring upon the earth—whether they revisit this land of mortality, once the scene of their joys and sorrows, and mingle their interests and sympathies with the living? Have those whose bodies have mouldered on the mountain-top or in the valley, or gone down to sleep amidst the coral caves of ocean—have they as spirits no concern or connection with those they once loved, or do they still wait on our steps, watch us, and exert upon us in various ways a friendly influence? Does the husband guard the once tender partner of his bosom? Does the sister breathe into her brother any grace or virtue caught from heaven? Does the affectionate mother do for her bereaved children what a warm and pure affection would prompt? We indulge the thought, we love to indulge it; but does the Scripture authorize us to cherish it? Scripture warrants, indeed, the faith of the soul's

immortality—warrants the faith that nothing expended upon the intelligent, undying spirit, is lost, and warrants the faith that the departed are sentient and active; but where does it tell us that they hover around our path, observe our works, whether good or bad, and so link themselves with our being, as to direct, console, and quicken us? We cannot find the passage. Perhaps we may be pointed to the first verse of the twelfth chapter of Hebrews, as seeming to favor this opinion: "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a crowd of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin that doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us." We are inclined, however, to the belief, that by this cloud of witnesses, the *examples* of the departed patriarchs are meant, rather than their *spirits*. But if our readers think differently, we will not dispute. We freely admit that inspiration does not teach the contrary; and while we are bound to believe all that the Bible teaches, we may have an opinion, if we choose, touching some matters which God has thought proper to conceal. So we imbibe not the Popish notion that departed saints are to be prayed to, there can be no sin, and there surely is a pleasure in imagining our deceased relatives and friends near us, encouraging us in our labors, and smiling upon our works of piety. Without sin, and perhaps without error, we may hear them saying:

"Near thee, still near thee! trust my soul's deep dreaming,

Oh! love is not an earthly rose, to die!  
E'en when I soar where fiery stars are beaming,  
Thine image wanders with me through the sky."

N. E.

## THE TWILIGHT HOUR.

WORDS BY E. G. WHEELER, M. D.

MUSIC BY P. A. ANDREU.

*Andantino Sereno.*

The piano introduction is in B-flat major, 3/4 time, and marked 'Andantino Sereno.' It consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody of eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the hour, When ves - pers

The first system of the song features a vocal melody in the right hand and piano accompaniment in the left hand. The lyrics '1. How calm and beau - ti - ful the hour, When ves - pers' are written below the vocal line. The piano part includes a dynamic marking of *p* (piano).

soft and grate - ful rise; When flam - - ing sun - beams

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'soft and grate - ful rise; When flam - - ing sun - beams' are written below the vocal line. The piano part continues with a steady accompaniment.

yield their power, And mel-low tints steal o'er the

skies, And mel-low tints spread o'er the skies.

*legatissimo.*

2.

The throbbing heart, the aching head,  
The heaving breast, a quiet find;  
The gentle shades of twilight spread  
A holy influence o'er the mind.

3.

Thus, when life's toilsome day shall close,  
And death's dark shadows o'er us roll,  
In Jesus may we find repose,  
And peace fall gently on the soul.

## THE PARLOR TABLE.

THE GREECE OF THE GREEKS is the very striking title of two volumes, by G. A. Perdicaris, A. M., late Consul of the United States at Athens, and published by Paine & Burgess. These volumes are rich in information respecting a classic land which every scholar loves; and as he reads these pages, he will find his youthful attachments revived, and his enthusiasm kindled for the land of poetry, and philosophy, and heroism. The writer is well qualified by education and opportunities, for making the book, and we are glad that he has devoted himself to this compilation of facts, that will be referred to and valued as worthy of reliance.

THE BROKEN VOW and other Poems, by Amanda M. Edmond, form a very handsome volume, published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, Boston. The poems of this lady exhibit not a little merit. We open at random for a single verse:

"Earthly treasures, hopes and joys,  
Ye may leave me if ye will;  
'Mid the wrecks where time destroys,  
I am rich in Jesus still.  
E'en when death's keen pangs shall wring  
This weak frame of life bereft,  
Joyful still my soul shall sing,  
All is mine, for Christ is left!"

A TRANSATLANTIC TOUR.—If we have not had enough, and more than enough, of travels in Europe, the volume before us is welcome; for it is not common-place, but positively readable and entertaining. The writer, with modesty rare in this day of ours, hides his name, but he need not be afraid of being known, for the sketches of things in the old world are drawn with such a lively hand, and picturesque effect, that we read with interest, even when we derive no great instruction from his pages. The volume is published in Philadelphia, and may be found at Newman's in this city.

PULPIT ELOCUTION is a subject in which more are interested than those who stand in the pulpit. A work on this theme has been published at Andover, comprising suggestions on the importance of study, remarks on the effect of manner in speaking, the rules of reading, exemplified from Scriptures, hymns and sermons, observations on the principles of gesture, and a selection of pieces for practice in reading and speaking. By William Russell, Instructor in

Elocution. The book embraces an essay on the elocution of the pulpit, by Rev. Dr. Edwards A. Park, of Andover, and another on the study of elocution, as an important part of the preparation required by the public duties of the ministry, by the Rev. E. N. Kirk, of Boston.

THE YOUNG LADIES' CHOIR is a collection of sacred music, arranged exclusively for the voices of young ladies, with a pianoforte accompaniment. It is prepared for the use of schools and private families, and will be found a pleasant and valuable companion for the social circle. The words are selected with taste, and such as will be sung with happy effect by the old and young. The book is prepared by Mr. George F. Root, and may safely be commended to popular favor. It would be well if far more attention were given to vocal music in the family. There are very few children who may not learn to sing with all ease, if they will begin early and attend faithfully upon instruction; and the effect of social music is always happy, as we are satisfied from long observation.

GEORGE ARCHIBALD LUNDIE was the brother of Mary Lundie Duncan, whose memoirs have been so widely read and admired. The biographer of Mary was her mother, and the mother has now given us the Memoirs of George, who went to the South Seas for his health, and there died. The volume is entitled, "Missionary Life in Samoa," as there the principal scenes are laid, and it brings out traits of character of exceeding loveliness, trials of heart that take deep hold upon the sympathies, and we read the story with unabated interest from the beginning to the close. We have placed the Memoirs of Mary Lundie Duncan in the hands of many female friends, who have esteemed it as one of the brightest records of female loveliness ever made, and we are sure that all who have read her biography will wish to hear of her brother George. Published by R. Carter.

THE AGED PILGRIM is one of the latest books from the pen of Professor Alden, and is designed to be a comfort to the old, by conveying to them rich Scriptural instruction, in an easy and attractive style. Professor Alden has been very successful in writing for the young, and we think that in this work he has been equally happy in ministering to the wants of the aged.



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ENTRANCE TO THE BOULEVARD FROM THE BLANCHE



PLANT FROM THE MOUNTAINS